

THE DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC
of
THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA
presents
MONICA NIKOLAI
piano

Saturday, April 3, 1976 at 4:00 p.m.

Convocation Hall, Arts Building

French Suite No. 5 in G major (1720)

Allemande
Courante
Sarabande
Gavotte
Bourrée
Loure
Gigue

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

Sonata, Opus 81a (1809 - 1810)

Das Lebewohl: Adagio - Allegro
Abwesenheit: Andante espressivo
Das Wiedersehen: Vivacissimamente

Ludwig van Beethoven
(1770-1827)

Estampes (1903)

I. Pagodes
II. La Soirée dans Grenade
III. Jardins sous la Pluie

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the Bachelor of Music Degree for Miss Nikolai.

THE MADRIGAL SINGERS

TRANSLATIONS

I. ITALIAN MADRIGALS

Gioite Tutti

(Joyful, all in Song)

Joyful now, all in song,
Join in the dancing,
Delightful spring again is
Coming, a-booming.

Flowers in the vale entrancing,
Outside, the roses blooming,
Lovers are playing
With floral wreaths advancing.

Caccia d'Amore

(Love a-hunting goes)

Nymphs hurry on with swiftness,
Be not so listless,
Fa la la....
If you do not leave here with
speeding, alarming and fearing
Cruel love with cunning bow.
Fa la la....
On you will suffer woe.
Fa la la....

Io ti voria

(Oh, would that I could tell
Thee)

Oh, would that I could tell
thee of my longing,
A thousand years 'twould take
to show thee my love.
I ask thee: "Dost thou love me?"
Thou answer'st: "Yes, I do."
"Could I then tell the news?"
Thou answer'st: "Yes, please do."

Già torna a rallegrar

(Now Once More to all the Earth)

Now once more to all the earth
her brightness bringing,
April the young and fair,
is crowned with flowers.

The sea is quiet,
the frost no longer stinging,
The nymphs and shepherds rejoice
in the bowers.

The birds return now
in am'rous singing,
Their songs of joy
in praise of Spring's sweet
powers.

And thou I weep at eve,
beset by sorrow,
Soon will the sun unveil
the welcome morrow.

II. ENGLISH MADRIGALS

In going to my naked bed

In going to my naked bed,
as one that would have slept,
I heard a wife sing to her child,
that long before had wept.

She sighed sore, and sang full sweet
to bring the babe to rest,
That would not cease, but cried still,
while lying on her breast.

She was full weary of her watch,
and grieved with her child,
She rocked it and rated it,
till that on her it smil'd.

Then did she say,
"Now have I found this proverb to prove:
The falling out of faithful friends,
renewing is of love".

Amyntas with his Phyllis fair

Amyntas with his Phyllis fair,
in height of summer's sun,
Graz'd arm in arm their snowy flock;
and scorching heart to shun,
Under a spreading elm sat down.
Where love's delightments done,
"Down, down, dilly down...."
Thus did they sing:
"There is no life like ours,
No heav'n on earth to shepherd's cells,
No hell to princely bow'rs".

Phyllis, farewell

Phyllis, farewell!
I may no longer live,
Yet if I die,
Fair Phyllis, I forgive.

I live too long,
Come gentle death and end,
My torment and my grief,
My endless torment or my grief - amend.

Fair Phyllis

Fair Phyllis I saw sitting all alone,
Feeding her flock near to the mountain side,
The shepherds knew not,
whither she was gone,
But after her lover Amyntas hied:
Up and down he wander'd,
While she was missing;
When he found her,
Oh then they fell a-kissing,
Oh then they fell a-kissing.

Adieu, sweet Amaryllis

Adieu, sweet Amaryllis,
For since to part
Your will is:
Oh heavy tiding;
Here is for me no bidding:
Yet once again,
Ere that I part with you,
Amaryllis, sweet adieu.

III. FRENCH CHANSONS

Au joly jeu

(Oh follow on)

Oh, follow on where Love may lead,
Let all men heed!
Let every heart throw care away,
For sorrow there is no room today;
One and all follow on in joyful song!
Lose not in sighing Love lightly
flying:
Will you, will you come along?
Tho' love may come and love may go,
There's nothing like love on earth
below;
One and all, follow in joyful song!
Love never shall die,
Rather we'd all die!
Will you, will you come along?

Le Chant des Oyseaux

(Song of the Birds)

Wake up, sleepy hearts, the god of
love summons you. On the first day in
May the birds will do their miracles
to arouse you from your stupor. Take
the wool out of your ears and farirariron,
ferely prettily. You will all be filled
with joy, for the season is fair. At my
command, you will give forth a sweet
music pitched in the true voice of the
royal thrush; (the starling among you,
too.)

Ti, ti, piti, ti, chouthi, thouy, chouthi,
Toi que dy tu, my darling, holy body of
Christ! It's the drinking hour, now is
the time. To the sermon, my mistress.
To Saint Troitin to see Saint Robin, the
sweet minstrel. (Make way, churl! Quio,
the lovely thing, quick to the mass of
Saint Prattle who prattles.) (Guilemot
and bobwhite, it's the drinking hour.)
(The little starling of Paris, Holy body
of Christ! Let her pass, villain. Starling
of Paris, demure, genteel and fine.)

To laugh and be merry is my command. Let
each one join in heartily. Pretty wood-
thrush, lift up your heart and fill your
throat with utterance: Frian, teo, tu,
coqui, oy, ty, trr, ty, huit, teo, frian,
tycun, turry, quiby. Tu, forquet, fi
frián, fi, ti, trr, huit, tar, turri,
quibi. (Huit, qui larra, fi, turri, quibi.)

Away regrets, tears and cares, for the
season commands it, away regrets! Back,
Master Cuckoo! All brand you for an owl,
as you are nothing but a traitor. (Back,
Master Cuckoo, leave our guild; all
brand you for an owl, as you are nothing
but a traitor.) Cuck-oo, for treason,
lay eggs unwanted in every nest. Awake,
you sleeping hearts, it's the god of love
who summons you.

IV. MODERN "MADRIGALS"

Children's Voices in the Orchard

(Words by T. S. Eliot)

Children's voices in the orchard
Between the blossom and the fruit-time,
Crimson head, Golden head, Crimson
Golden head,
Between the green tip and the root.
Black-wing, Brown-wing,
Black-wing hover over;
Twenty years and the spring is over;
Today grieves, Tomorrow grieves,
Cover me over light in leaves;
Golden head, Black-wing,
Cling, Swing, Spring, Sing, Cling,
Swing, Spring, Sing,
Children's voice in the orchard,
Swing up, swing up into the apple tree.

The Latest Decalogue

(Words by Arthur Hugh Clough 1819-1861)

Thou shalt have one God only;
Who would be at the expense of two?
No graven images may be worshiped,
Except the currency.
Swear not at all, for by thy curse,
Thine enemy is none the worse.
At church on Sunday to attend
Will serve to keep the world thy friend.
Honor thy parents;
All from whom advance may befall.
Thou shalt not kill;
But need not strive officiously to keep
alive.
Do not adultery commit,
Advantage rarely comes of it.
Thou shalt not steal;
An empty feat, when it's so lucrative to
cheat.
Bear not false witness,
Let the lie have time on its own wings
to fly.
Thou shalt not covet,
But tradition approves all forms of
competition.

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